



PEPPERELL SHEET



Published by and for the

Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company

VOL. VI

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NO. 1-2



MR. AND MRS. RALPH LEDOUX OF FALL RIVER

PEPPERELL SHEET

Published Monthly by the Employees
of the Pepperell Manufacturing
Company

BIDDEFORD, MAINE, DIVISION

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The Pepperell Sheet has as a definite aim the promotion of good will and better acquaintance in the great Pepperell family.

SONGO RIVER TRIP GREATLY ENJOYED

On Sunday, June 14, a party of Pepperell employees enjoyed a trip on the Songo River.

To begin with, the day was ideal. Through the courtesy of the captain of the Songo River Line, a bus conveyed those who did not have available cars, from the main office to the Sebago Lake station, where the steamer waited for the party. Everybody being aboard, at 10.00 A. M. we finally sailed over Sebago Lake to enter the winding river of Songo. It was well named "the crookedest river of all rivers," making 27 turns in six miles of sailing. What seemed to interest the party so well were the images at Frye Leap, that were quite visible, and the Songo Locks fill and empty. We stood there amazed, looking on. A distance below we came to a draw-bridge



Here's "Cap" Prescott Howard of the payroll dept. Present is all ready to scrub the dock with his pail of water. He uses the one to keep away from hard work.

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entering Long Lake. All through the course we pass fascinating scenes, boats steaming along, camps on each side of the river, picturesque trees. It was beautiful.

The crowd made merry while eating lunch, singing and dancing. At Harrison we made the turn towards home, reaching Sebago at 5.30. Leaving the boat, we were again connected with the bus, and at 6.30 were back to where we started, having enjoyed one of the most wonderful days in a lifetime.

Among those who made up the party were: Mr. and Mrs. Aurore Labranche and son Gerard, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thibodeau, Mr. and Mrs. M. Martel, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Lavallee, Mr. and Mrs. Adelard Lartarte, Mrs. Mathilda Guerin, Mrs. George Belanger, Mrs. George Eon, Gladys Hamel, Laurette Lariviere, Laurina Souliere, Antoinette Sabourin, Florence Hansen, Adrienne Gosselin, Mr. William Beliveau, Prescott Howard, Jerome Sabourin, Armand Belanger, Raymond Belanger, Albert Roberge, Lucien Tardiff, Raoul Corriveau, Freeland Sias, Urbain Desrochers, Lucien Lantagne, Arthur Guerin.



Joseph Perreault of 18-3 will certainly be surprised to see his picture in the "Sheet." Joseph should be in Hollywood.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Mr. Ralph Ledoux and Miss Mae Beaudry were married April 22nd. This popular couple received many beautiful gifts on the occasion, amid the well wishes of a host of friends.

MISS STAPLES GIVEN SHOWER

Miss Eleanor Staples, who was married to Erwin Kennedy July 1, was tendered a shower at her home on the Guinea road by the staff of the Pepperell office, where she is employed. Miss Staples was presented with a beautiful floor lamp and several kitchen utensils.

The party then proceeded upstairs where the bride's trousseau was shown and greatly admired by all after which a buffet lunch was served by Mrs. Fred E. Staples and Mrs. George Staples. Songs were rendered by Miss and Roland Lemire, Miss Genevieve McCarthy presiding at the piano. Exhibition dances were given by Mina Foss and Emma Horsfield.

The party broke up at a late hour wishing Miss Staples all kinds of happiness in her new life.



Mrs. Conrad Dourette and little son, Conrad, Jr. She now lives in Montreal where her husband is leader of the orchestra in the Rita Carlton Hotel. Mrs. Dourette formerly worked in 85 spooling and is the sister of Mrs. Kerwin Twomey and Arline Plouffe of the blanket dept.

Those present were the Misses Genevieve McCarthy, Grace Hone, Dorothy Gilks, Florence Brown, Elizabeth McCone, Juliette Desrochers, Leona York, Emma Horsfield, Leah Robie, Madeline Robie, Dorothy Lamson, Jennie McKeen, Julia Sullivan, Beatrice Veilleux, Mina Foss, Mrs. Ora Malloy, Mrs. Annette Dubois, Mrs. Wm. B. Heffernan, Roland Lemire, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Kennedy.



Mrs. Alphonse Lapierre, of filling spooling 18-3, she greatly enjoyed the trip up the Songo River.



Jeanette and Alma Cantara were bridesmaids at their sister's wedding.

He Didn't Know It Was Ford

Henry Ford, a very early riser, started out in one of his own cars one morning, to inspect an old-type dwelling far out in the country, which he was told would make an attractive addition to his old fashioned village, or museum. Espying a sturdy young man of the working-class type standing at a rural corner, apparently waiting for someone to give him a lift, Ford stopped and spoke to him. He learned that the young man was from the South, where he had worked extremely hard, and had come North in the hope of doing better. He had found a job at a paper mill, but, being unacquainted with



This is Girard Lebrun at the age of 7 years. Girard is now a big boy who works in 15-2 spinning.



A fine group picture of the Pepperell folks, who enjoyed the Songo River trip on Sunday, June 14.

the roads, had missed his bus and was afraid he would be dropped.

Questioning him, Ford discovered that the youth didn't think much of the industriousness of the average worker he had encountered and that he felt hopeful that by doing all he could each day, he would by and by earn a good job. Impressed by the youth's earnestness, clean-cutness, and his outlook on life, Ford asked him to jump in and, although it took him twenty miles out of his way, drove him to the paper plant.

Before parting, Ford wrote a name on a slip of paper and handed it over, with the remark, "If you don't get your job, take this slip to this man at Dearborn and I think he will be able to give you a job." Before Ford had returned to Dearborn, the youth had shown up and duly located his man.

"Who gave you this?" asked the Ford executive to whom it was addressed.

"I don't know," replied the applicant. "He spoke to me out in the country this morning and gave me a lift. He was a thin man, maybe a little over forty."

The executive recognized Mr. Ford's handwriting. Getting in touch with his chief, the executive was told, "See that the young man is given a good job. I think he is made of the right stuff. I want to give him a chance and I mean to keep my eye on him."

Then the identity of his benefactor was revealed to the astonished youth.

—Forbes Magazine.

Keep Your Chin Up

If Life has taught me anything at all, it is that the world doesn't give a bloomin' dang about your troubles. Tears are things one must indulge in—when one must indulge at all—in private. The poetess who wrote the lines that run something like this: "The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well, but the lilt of a laugh rings far," knew her business. If you carry your sorrows on your sleeve, people won't like the way you dress. Carry them in your heart if you must carry them; but a better plan is not to lug them around at all. It's the courageous, hopeful attitude toward life that wins. The thing to do when one is confronted with what appears to be insurmountable troubles is to put the future out of your mind for a while and think back to the times when you were similarly distressed. You're still here, aren't you, and the obstacles of the past have been re-

moved. The future will soon be the past—your present outlook is something which is momentary—nothing can defeat a man but his own imagination. It will all come out in the wash just as it always has before.

MY MOTHER

My heart is ever turning back
To my boyhood home, not far away,
Where in my early youth,
My Mother taught me first to pray.
I often feel the tender clasp
Of her, who's not long been laid away,
And hear the whisper of those sainted lips
That taught me first to pray.
I sometimes dream she kneels
With me at close of day,
As in my early youth, when first
She taught me how to pray.
I know her spirit o'er me hovers,
To guide me night and day,
And often I am led to think
Heaven's not so far away.
Those loving hands are missing now
That wiped my tears away,
Yet often now I feel the touch of her
Who has not long been laid away.
I know her prayers were always heard,
They could not go astray;
Lord, bless those angel Mothers,
Who taught us first to pray.

Prospective Purchaser: "What have you in the shape of automobile tires?"

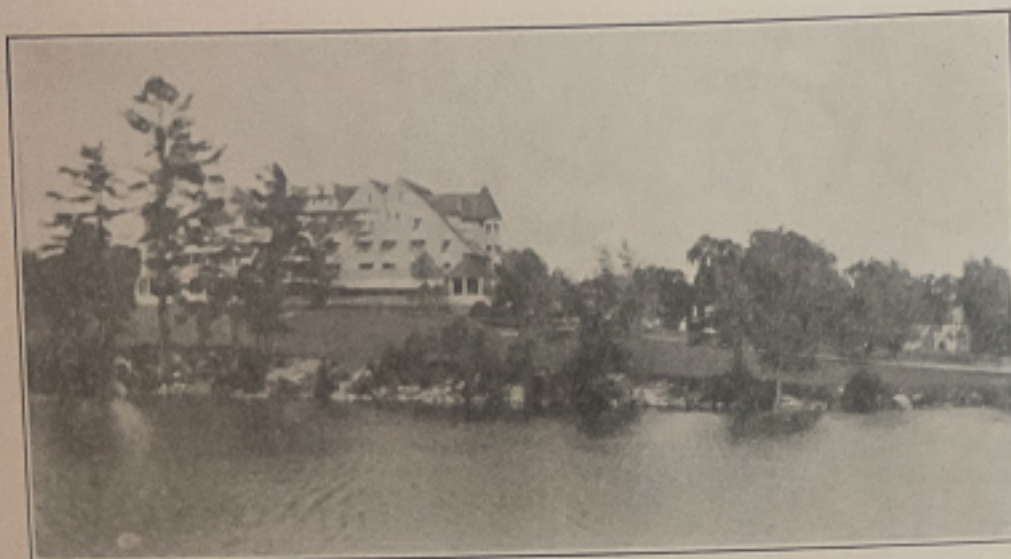
Ethel: "Funeral wreaths, life preservers and doughnuts."

Blondie: "Say, Phil, what is an iceberg?"

Phil: "Why, it's sort of a permanent wave."



The smiling young man, whose head is turned facing the camera is none other than Jerome Sabourin of the Belt Shop. Songo River trip.



A good photograph of the Hotel Naples, at Naples, Maine. Picture taken by A. R. Guerin.

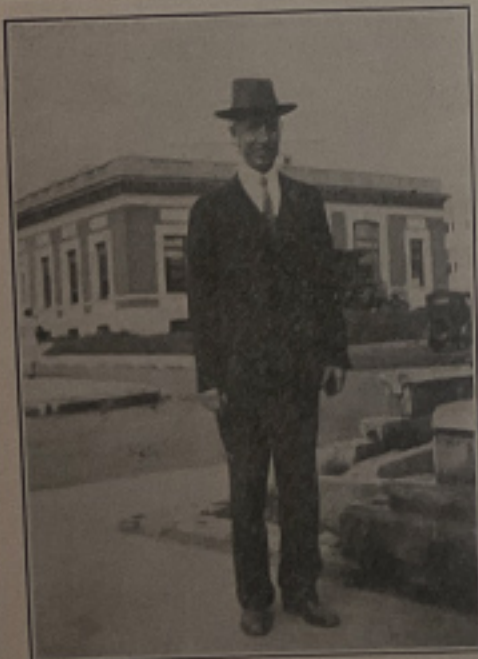
HEARD ABOUT THE PLANT

OFFICE NOTES

Vacation days are here again, so Miss Emma Kearney went to New York for a couple of weeks of rest. Emma says that people may think it's funny for anybody to go down to New York for a rest, they say it's so noisy. Well, where I went it was so quiet that you could hear the ants walking in daytime, and at night-time you could hear what your neighbor was thinking.

A reward has been offered to anybody that can get a ride in Miss Connie Hartley's roadster. By that we don't mean that she's stingy or anything like that, oh, no, but—try and get one.

Prescott: We found the reason how the Richard Hudnut Face Powder Co. had made a million dollar profit last year.



This is George Burchill who has charge of making up the payroll at Pepperell. While walking along the street he met a camera and it snapped him up. It looks as though George was smoking a pipe, but he isn't. It's the chimney on the Biddeford Postoffice.

Evelyn Baker has been using that powder for a year. (And How!)

Leslie has bought a new suit and it's a peach. I'll be very much surprised if Leslie is still single at the end of the Beach Season.

Since Raymond Landry has bought his new Chevy, one would think that he doesn't know anybody in the city.

Dora: I'm tired of working.

Helper: Why don't you get married?

Dora: I am.

Wife: I suppose you've been to see a sick friend—holding his hand all evening. Raymond: If I'd been holding his hands I'd have made some money.

Sully: Prescott, is it true that you are engaged to one of the pretty Robinson twins?

Prescott: It is.

Sully: Well, how do you tell them apart when you go courting?

Prescott: Ho! Ho! I don't try.

Constance: I've been asked to get married lots of times.

He: Who asked you?

Constance: Mother and father.

Employer: So you want a job, eh? Do you ever tell lies?

Arthur: No, sir; but I can learn.

Prescott believes in keeping with the current rage, so he invented a new miniature cocktail—one drink and in a miniature out.

Sully: Have you a good opening here for an unusually bright and energetic young man?

Business Man: Yes, I believe we have—and please close the door softly as you leave.

Dora: We hadn't been married a week when he hit me with a piece of sponge cake.

Judge: Disorderly conduct. Five dollars and costs.

Dora: And I made the cake with my own little hands.

Judge: Assault with a deadly weapon—one year.

We welcome to the Production Department Homer Waterhouse.

The following is an extract from the speech given by Raymond Landry at the Saco City Hall on the night of June 32nd, during the Tercentenary exercises:

It seems that there were some soldiers yachting, around Biddeford Pool and Old Orchard Pier. They came ashore on Wood Island and seized an Indian papoose from a squaw. They put water wings on the papoose and threw it into the Saco River. Unfortunately, the yachting party failed to put air into the water wings, consequently the Indian child was drowned.

The old squaw was so angry at this terrible offense that she immediately put a curse on Biddeford and Saco, which would make the taxes increase, the mills operate on short time, and wouldn't permit the use of light wine and beer.

We actually believe lace is in vogue once again for women's clothes, according to Evelyn Baker and Emma Kearney.

Please find correct answer:

Why does Harriet's left rear mudguard continually get smashed?

We welcome Paul Morin to the Production Department.

The mystery has at last been solved about the light in Prescott Howard's cellar on Orchard Street. Prescott has been working on a labor saving device which is now nearly complete. He says it will do away with six men, and that's just too bad for the six men. But, Prescott also says it will take seven men to operate it. So it must be a good invention. But we are still in a daze to know what this new invention really is.

WINDING 25-B

Congratulations are offered to Edward Neault, second-hand, on the addition to his family on May 20, of a baby girl. Since then, Eddie has been smoking numerous cigars in celebration of the event.

The girls of the room are going on a picnic Friday, to Old Orchard Beach. After the girls had picked their beaux, they found that Ruth Brousseau had no escort. The girls went into a huddle and voted that Ruth should have Omer Moreau accompany her.



The young lady who is second from the left is Celina Sicard, doffer in 55-A. This picture was taken in Canada when she was on her vacation with her father and mother. The other girls in the picture are friends. The developing of this picture was done by Anne Dubois of 55-A, residence, 9-A Cutts St.

Ludger Lachance is getting to be a sort of radio bug, since he bought a new radio. What is the programme for tonight, Baldie?

Antoinette Arel got tangled in the air hose, and before she could be freed the hose had to be cut.

Rose Bergeron tells the boys she is going to teach each and every girl how to bowl when they arrive at Old Orchard.

Christos Lenas has returned to work in 25C.

SPINNING 15-2

Paul Blais had a nice ride in a wheelbarrow, but he doesn't remember it. Do you, Paul?

Lena was at the beach last Friday night sitting on a bench and singing: "Got the bench, got the park, but I haven't got you." We wonder who the boy was?

Annette Gendron is so fussy about her boy friends that we wouldn't be surprised if she became an old maid.

Annette Lamoureux is making dates with fellows from all over the country. Her latest is a boy from California.

Fernante Garon is quite a musician. She says she can play a radio better than any person employed in the room.

Albert Cote challenges any horse-shoe player in the mill to compete against him for the championship of the mill, which he claims he now holds.

We know why Yvonne is always singing, "I'm through with love." Too bay, Yvonne.

BLANKET CLOTH ROOM

Leila, Genevieve, Josie and Ruth M. report a pleasant time at Mousam Lake.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Francis Murphy is improving after his accident.

We are surely very proud of the new office in this department.

The girls gave a miscellaneous shower to Alice Gaudette at her home. She received many presents. The members of the Cloth Room gave her a set of 26 pieces of silverware. Her wedding took place June 20.

Raymond surely can set a fast pace when he gets into his car. Ask Doris, she will tell you.



This picture of Mrs. Louise Sicard was taken some years ago. Styles certainly have changed.



All smiles! These girls of 13-1 appear to be having a good time. From left to right: Mrs. Mirandy Martel, Mrs. Rose Thibodeau, Miss Adrienne Gosselin and Miss Laurina Souliere.

Josie doesn't seem to know the difference between a pan and a tea-pot. At any rate she didn't when up to the Lake. Perhaps there was a reason. How did the coffee taste, girls?

CARDING 11-3

We wonder where Fred Delorge got that beautiful sunburn last Sunday. We think he got that at the beach, but Fred told us different. He claims that when he goes to the beach, he buys a box of pop-corn and sits under the pier and eats the pop-corn, and when it is all gone he returns home.

We would like to know why Evelyn L. watches the calendar so closely. It appears to us that the time seems long for some reason.

There is no danger of any one walking away with our clock.

We would like to know if Marie A. likes her new kitchenette.

We hear Dave Adams is going to stop chewing tobacco. That's good news.

We are glad to welcome Blanche R. back with us after a week's sickness.

Miss Ivy M. is going on a two weeks' vacation. She will visit relatives in Massachusetts.

Arthur H. bought a new bathing suit. Will this bathing suit get wet this summer.

SPINNING 14-4

J. T. is so small that when she takes a bath, she is afraid she will go down the pipe.

If you want to meet the best singer and best dancer in the mill visit 14-4. She is known by the initials F. M.

Since B. L. left our room, R. B. has not been the same. Come on, girls, try and cheer him up.

Harry C. tells us how he always takes his girl to Five Points to buy her an ice cream. They are 2 for 5c.

NOTICE. If your name appears in the following column, please do not feel hurt—just give us a good smile.

What is going on in this department:

F. Simons, our second-hand, has been working overtime lately; the reason for this was he wanted to go on the Songo River trip, and he had to save his pennies.

Claire is keeping herself busy cleaning.

Lina S. is wearing earrings.

Noella L. tells us she likes spinning.

V. Bernier is keeping a good account of

the Roving Boy.

Althea and Bella used to have a serious conversation, but now Thea is very quiet and keeps her eyes on the Roving Boy.

Roland has seemed down-hearted lately. Never mind, Roland, only three more months. Cheer up.

Bat Marchand is in love with no one but himself.

Louise and Irene H. ought to have a pair of boxing gloves, at least you would think so to see them when they get together.

Louise G. is often seen peeking at No. 5 mill. Wonder if Arthur is doing the same.

Miss Pelchat has entered this department. She is from the Plush Town. If the other girls from Sanford are half as nice as she is, we would welcome a lot more from there.

Blandine went to Hills Beach, recently, and came back half baked.

We are all sorry to lose Bella Rivers. She has gone to the beach for the summer. We hope she will return next fall.

We have two new workers with us. They are the Messrs. Bernier and Boivin.



Chums—Agnes Asselin and Annette Archambault of Cloth room 19 are seen enjoying the refreshing breezes of the ocean.



THE HOTEL VESPER CREW OF 1909. How many folks can the old-timers remember? We recognize Mrs. Don Rhodes, who was a waitress, Mr. Alton Coker, clerk, and, last but not least, Supt. Leon E. Macomber, bell-hop extraordinary. He is at the extreme right of the picture.

NO. 19 MILL CLOTH ROOM BY PEARL MURPHY

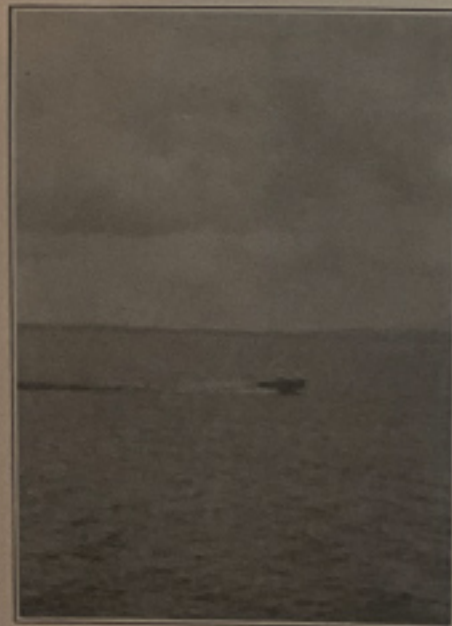
When Vogue says pajamas, Annette Archambeau wears pajamas. At the beach or at work, what does it matter? Annette believes in keeping cool in spite of what others might have to say.

Ruth and Ivan will have to ride with "Old Dobbin" no more to come to work. Ivan has purchased a new Ford. If they run out of gas, will Ruth tie a rope on the crank and run down Alfred Street?

It is very seldom that Arthur Cameleau takes a day off, and that is generally when he attends a wedding. Arthur celebrates but always manages to be in the next morning.

And then there is Laurette and Billy who took a trip up the Songo River. They enjoyed every mile of the way and did not miss any of the picturesque scenery. They were able to tell us about it, even to the smallest detail.

We have heard that Alice Hurd is quite



The speed boat "Miss Sebago" as she appeared on the Songo River trip.

taken up with a certain some one on the Mountain Road. Is this true, Alice?

Wedding bells will soon be ringing for Adrian Bertrand. Although Adrian has been keeping this a secret, we are sure he won't mind a few friends knowing it.

Esther Hunter has left for a two weeks vacation which will take her through Canada. Wish a few of us could join you, Esther.

Agnes Simard had the misfortune to sprain her ankle while in Lewiston a few weeks ago. Although Agnes is better now, she tells us she is going to watch her step in the near future.

"Special Dispatch to the Pepperell Sheet." Hear the winding, grinding, noisy sound, No wonder you all turn around, Only to spy Mr. Adams, our boss, But he maketh not the noise, That's the sound of his new watch.

18-5 SPINNING

Lucienne P., we are glad to know the secret about your permanent. Lucky we saw you stick your head in the steaming machine twice a day.

Mr. Alec Goudreau announces his engagement to Miss Rose Gagne. We hope the wedding bells will soon be ringing.

Ralph B. will try and win the sun-tan contest at Old Orchard this summer.

Lucienne G., the next time you go fishing leave the jewelry counter alone and try the hardware counter and find a knife sharp enough.

COTTON HOUSE

John Sullivan, Frank Martel, Amie Martel, Seth Marshall, George Lemay, Lewis Neel, Jim Molloy and Roland Letellier were seen on the circus grounds which played in Biddeford recently.

Roland was the only one who succeeded in getting in the show by going under the tent.

George Lemay is supposed to be French, but we think he is Scotch because he fed the monkeys grass instead of buying peanuts.

Babe didn't want to miss a thing, so he asked out for the day.

Ernest Poirier attended the wedding of his nephew, July 6, and he reported a good time.

"Dearest Mary," wrote George, who was hopelessly in love; "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance of your dear face. I would walk through a wall of fire for one touch of your little hands. I would scap the widest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips. As always your George. P. S. Will be over tonight if it don't rain."

The gang were very glad to hear of the good fortune of Tim Dinan, who was a former member of this department. Tim was one of the lucky winners in the Derby Sweepstakes in London. The ticket was good for \$500.

Frank Roussin says a genius is a guy who can convince his wife that the blond hairs on his coat were woven into the material.

So you were born in Ireland, Jim. What part? All of me.

Speaking of Jim, we think he intends to open up a bake shop in the near future. He has the overalls all ready.

Things that Joe Lee shouldn't do: Ride on merry-go-rounds, play in the sand, ride home with strange girls, and last of all, he shouldn't be afraid of flash-lights.

Here is one for Ripley. Jack Lee punched himself on the nose and made it bleed, believe it or not.

During the recent fire Hughie was the only one who did not go. He claims it was too far. Wouldn't mind if it was a long distance, but it was right near his house.

As this goes to press Lewis Noel is planning a two weeks vacation to Canada. We are in hopes to tell about his trip in the next month's issue. The gang would like to go and keep him company so he won't get lost.

Congratulations to Jack Lee. Jack celebrated the 25th anniversary of his wedding June 25. Best of luck, Jack.

The Ten Little Workers

10 Little Workers, standing in a line,
One pulled a foolish stunt.

Then there were 9.
9 Little Workers (sad to relate),
One stepped on a nail.

Then there were 8.
8 Little Workers, thought not of heaven,
One used a broken ladder.

Then there were 7.
7 Little Workers, in an awful fix,



Rose Anne Boisse has a large number of friends at Pepperell.

One wouldn't guard his eyes,
Then there were 6.
6 Little Workers, said "let 'er drive,"
One stopped a flying chip,
Then there were 5.
5 Little Workers—open trap door,
One took a tumble
And that left 4.
4 Little Workers, busy as could be,
One tried to light his pipe,
Then there were 3.
3 Little Workers, with much work to do,
One oiled the moving gears,
Then there were 2.
2 Little Workers, after work was done,
Didn't use the hand rail,
Then there was 1.
1 Little Worker learned from their fate
It pays to think of Safety
Before it's too late.

Just Say, "I'm Doin' Fine."

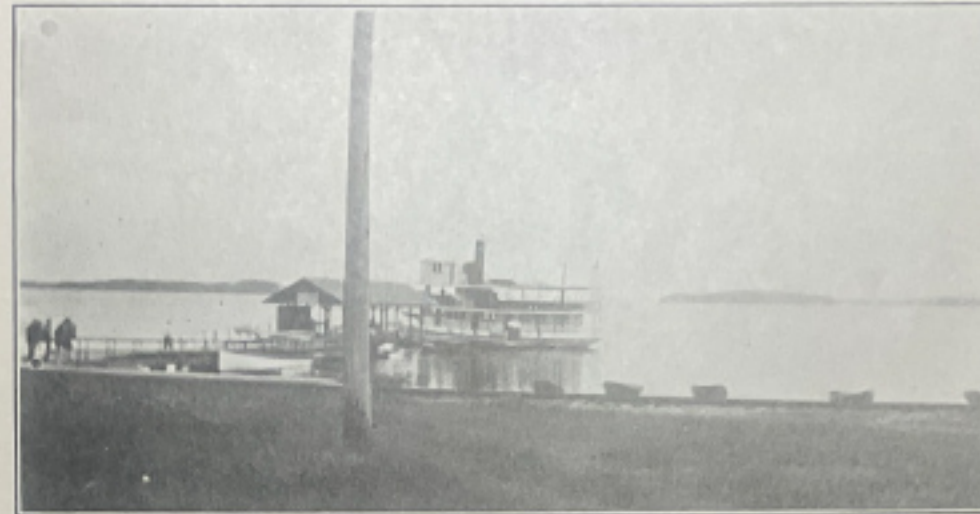
There ain't no use in kickin', Boss,
When things don't come your way;
It does no good to holler 'round,
And grumble night an' day.
The thing to do is do your work,
Cut out yer little whine,
And when they ask you how you're doing,
Just say, "I'm doing fine."

There ain't no boss alive, but what
Is booked to get his slap;
There ain't no boss that doesn't
From old trouble get his rap.
Just travel with the bunch, old boy,
And see how you will shine,
And when they ask you how you're doing,
Just say, "I'm doing fine."

Your heart may be just bursting
With the things you'd like to do,
But keep your worries to yourself,
And you can fight them through.
The old shop laughs at heartaches, Boss,
Be they your own or mine;
So when they ask you how you're doing,
Just say, "I'm doing fine."



The young lady in the foreground is Miss Gladys Hamel, secretary of the Social Club and organizer of the trip up the Songo River, while in the background we have Miss Florence Hanson of weaving 17-2 and Arthur Guerin of the General Office who took all these nice pictures.



This is the steamer "Goodridge" on which the Pepperell party sailed.

COMMON SENSE

AND ELECTRICITY

Common sense is all that any one need use in order to keep electricity—the safest, most faithful and dependable of helpers—in its place in the home.

1.—If protective covering has failed because of wear and tear, because of defect, or has temporarily become ineffective due to watersoaking, a dangerous shock may be received by a person with hands wet or damp who touches a metal socket, electrical appliance or anything connected with electricity while—

Standing on a wet floor
Taking a bath
Touching radiators, piping or other plumbing.

2.—Secure use of molded composition or porcelain sockets in bathrooms, basements and all other damp locations. Use wall switches where possible. Approved sockets of molded composition or metal sheath porcelain are recommended for use with extension cords.

3.—Never leave electric irons on anything that will burn. Always use the metal stand or rest that is provided. Do not use lamps, irons or toasters to warm beds in the winter. Fires may be started by such misapplication of these devices.

4.—Extension cords for connecting electrical household appliances or lamps should be handled carefully so as not to injure the protective covering of wires. Have cords repaired or replaced when they become worn. You cannot depend upon defective cords. Long extension cords are unsightly as well as unsafe.

5.—Do not use your electrical equipment for playful experimenting or practical joking.

6.—Additional wiring in your house should be installed only by a responsible electrician. Your best insurance against fire and accidents is good wiring.

7.—If a fuse, the electrical safety valve, blows out, you are overloading your wiring system or using a defective appliance. The trouble is not corrected by inserting a larger fuse. A fuse of the proper size is your protection against fires or accidents. Ascertain and correct the trouble before putting in a new fuse.

8.—Convenience outlets should be installed for connecting portable appliances. Screw base receptacles or outlets are no longer approved. Where they exist, equip them permanently with detachable screw base section of attachment plug or have

your electrician replace them. This will prevent inquisitive children from making accidental contact with current carrying parts.

9.—Place outdoor aerials to one side and not crossing over or under power supply wires. A radio aerial which has fallen against power wires is probably alive, regardless of weatherproof covering on power wires. Disconnect power supply from your radio before you do any work on your set.

10.—Fallen wires on streets or highways may be alive. Avoid them. Notify the electric light and power company.

Furnished the Proof.

The man before the magistrate was a stranger in the village, and he was most indignant that he should suffer the humiliation of his present position.

"The constable seems very certain about everything connected with my case," he sneered, "but there's one weak point in his defense. Why does he not call his fellow officer to corroborate what he says?"

"There's only one constable stationed in this village," said the officer.

"But I saw two last night," indignantly asserted the prisoner.

"Exactly!" agreed the policeman. "That's the charge against yer."



Margie Souza is the two-years-old daughter of Manuel Souza, the South street gate.



John O'Brien and Miss Irene Dubois were married on May 25 and this picture was taken just after the wedding. They went to Boston and New York on their honeymoon trip. They received many valuable gifts, including an outfit of Lady Pepperell Sheets and pillow cases given by the employees of 18-4.

MANAGER GRIFFIN CLAIMS PEPPERELL BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Manager Elmer Griffin, of the Lewiston Bleachery baseball outfit, is claiming the championship of the Pepperell Plants, and with good reason. On July 1, arrangements were made with Grover Keene for a game to be played at Biddeford on Saturday, July 11. On July 8, Manager Griffin got in touch with Keene to find out what time the game was to be played, when the Biddeford manager announced that the game would have to be called off because his team had disbanded. The Lewiston manager, extremely anxious for his ball tossers to do battle with their Biddeford rivals, then got in touch with Kerwin Twomey, Sporting Editor at Biddeford, only to be informed that the time was then too short to arrange a game for the 11th. This



Here we have a nice picture of Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Lavalley, Miss Laurette Lavalley and William Bellevue, all of the white cloth room.

announcement was a decided shock to all of the Bleachery baseball enthusiasts who had looked forward to their diamond stars administering a sound shellacking to the Biddeford aggregation.

However, Manager Griffin now feels that he has a clear claim to the championship of the Pepperell Plants, as well as to the local baseball honors.

What Size

Thirty years ago, or thereabout, when the late William Howard Taft was made Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands by President McKinley, he was a much bigger and heavier man than he was as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He had been in the Philippines three years when President Roosevelt requested that he return and take the post of Secretary of War. On his way from the West coast to Washington, his train stopped at a tank town on the edge of the desert to take on water. Mr. Taft stepped out on the platform to stretch his legs. The day was hot and humid, as summer days are on the desert, and his collar was wilted to the consistency of a dish-rag that had just finished its job at the kitchen sink. Directly opposite the station was a general store and through its dusty window could be seen a display of goods that included collars. It occurred to Mr. Taft that a fresh collar might dispel some of the discomfort that hovered about his body. The conductor assured him that he had time enough to do a bit of shopping so he crossed over. "I want a collar," said Mr. Taft. The dozing clerk opened his eyes, though he did not disturb his comfortable position in the chair. "What size?" he asked with about as much enthusiasm as might be expected at that place and season. "Twenty-two," replied Mr. Taft. The clerk switched his end of tobacco from his left to his right cheek. "Don't keep that size," he drawled. Then switching the cud back to his left cheek and letting his eyelids droop, he volunteered, "but I reckon they carry your size in the store four doors down the street." Thanking him for the information, Mr. Taft stepped out and walked four doors down the street. It was a harness shop.

MUSTA BEEN.

"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?"

"No doubt," growled Officer Shultz.

"Why a e you so almighty certain about it?"

"Well," replied Shultz, "I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Court Street, and then he looked up at the clock on the library building and roared: 'Gawd! I've lost fourt.en pounds' weight!'"

THEN WAR STARTED.

"Yes, si, I believe big wars are often caused by the smallest matter," ruminated Old Man Jones. "Things that a fellow thinks don't amount to a jarn will sometimes pile up a mountain of trouble. Why, just the other night my wife was working over a cross-word puzzle and she looked up and said, 'What's a fema.e sheep?' And I said, 'Ewe.' And there was another big war on."

Wanted Protection.

"Offisher, you'd better lock me up. Jush hit my wife over the head wish a club."

"Did you kill her?"

"Don't think so. Thash why I want to be locked up."

A Male Godiva.

Judge (to officer who had arrested salesman for walking in public without clothes) — "What's the charge, officer?"

Officer—"Impersonating a woman, your honor."

Obliging

Officer of the Law—"Here, you must accompany me."

Drunken Banjoist—"A'right. What chu wanna shing?"

Cornered

The attorney conducting the cross-examination had grown disgusted with the evasive answers of the witness.

"Answer my question yes or no," he admonished.

"Your question can't be answered yes or no," replied the witness.

"Any question can be answered yes or no," expostulated the lawyer. "Ask one and I'll prove it."

The witness replied: "Have you quit beating your wife?"



This is a good picture of Girard Lebrun's father and mother. Girard works in 13-2.

CARDING 17-3

By EMILL LERLOND.

Mr. Amedes Hamel, after spending a much needed vacation of four weeks, has returned to work. We are glad to see you back, Pete.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Ida Coburn has gone to the Trull Hospital. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

Quite a few girls ventured into the matrimonial bliss lately. Miss Mary Conway is now Mrs. Mary Huff, and Miss Yvonne Beaudoin is now Mrs. Yvonne Bouthillette. We wish you all a very happy married life.

Our Overseer, Mr. Fred A. Jewell, is not only a bowler, but is also quite a gardener. He is already harvesting some of his cucumbers.

Any one desiring to learn a few lessons in gardening ought to make an appointment with our overseer.

Our general second-hand, Mr. Spencer, is out on the farm every night.

Talking about strawberry pie, I think that there is no one in this Department that can compare with those of Mrs. Elizabeth Parent. They are simply wonderful.

To all of the new help in this department, we bid you a welcome to the Pepperell family.

Wonder who the boy friends is that Maud of 17-3 is after in Boston. I hope you are not thinking of getting married. Take my advice; stay as you are at the present time.

Talking about fishing trips, our time-keeper, Mr. Seldon Emery, Esq., is a great fisherman, as well as a noted base-ball player. Lately, "Sully" goes fishing and comes back empty-handed. What is the matter, Sully, no bait, or no luck?

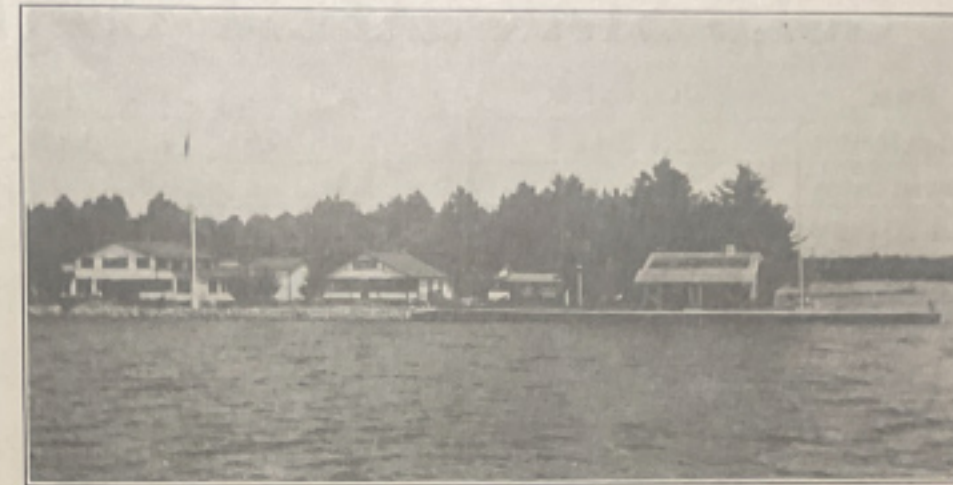
George C. of 18-3 seems to be down-hearted lately. Is it because she is gone or what? Don't be like that, George, there are plenty of others waiting for you.

About time some of the girls in this Department should bring up the subject of a shore dinner, and I hope it goes through. Don't forget to extend some invitations as the writer is quite good around the table.

After an absence of many years from the Pepperell, Miss Frances Mayo is back



This is a good picture of Ludger Lantagne, the new loomfixer in 13-1. In order to accommodate his friends Ludger is willing that his picture be cut from this page, and properly framed.



Thompson's Camp at the mouth of the Songo River.

with us. We are glad to welcome old faces back.

Mamie F., Mary K., of 16-3, Nellie D. of 16-4 are still in the ranks of the old maids. That's it, girls,—keep it up.

Congratulations are extended by the Pepperell to Frank Matley, overseer of Spinning, who married Mrs. Evelyn Taylor, Thursday, July 9, 1931, at Auburn, Maine. The Rev. Ralph Lowe of the High Street Methodist Church performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Matley visited the Rangeley Lakes on their honeymoon. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Lawe of Biddeford.

BOXING

By KERWIN TWOMEY.

Mgr. "Tex" Travers is to run Boxing shows at Prospect Park for the remainder of the summer. He plans to put on some good bouts, if the fans will stand behind him. He is planning a match with Ted Drew, light-weight champion of Maine, with some strong opponent, August 7, at the Park.

Among the base-ball players working in the Pepperell and playing ball locally are: "Sully" Emery, with St. Joseph's Independents; Leo Callahan, with the Belmonts; Cassavant and Jerry Twomey, with the De-lorge A. C. Ball players are plentiful this year in the Twin cities. A good Pepperell team this year, and a league organized, would give the fans a real base-ball season. Let's hope the conditions are better next year, and a real base-ball league started with the Pepperell as one of the leaders.

One of the leading pitchers and hitters of the Saco Valley League is Everett Staples of the Saco team, which is in third place. Staples has proved to be a real slugger. He was formerly with the Pepperell for the past four years.

Jerry Buckley and his running mate, H. P. Murphy, issue a challenge to any two horse-shoe pitchers in the plant. This would be for the championship. Jerry and his side-kick have been practicing secretly, and are all set to go any time now.

Wonder what all the excitement was in front of Liggett's Drug Store, Friday morning. Ask Jack, he knows.

Michael J. Mogan, Superintendent of the Biddeford Homestead, and Jack Burnham, the Exerting Wizard from Five Points, claim they have the earliest corn. Both claim the same day, Wednesday, July 29. There has been an inspection at both places,

and each of them has wonderful corn. We also note that Mr. Mogan has made a big improvement at the Homestead.

JOKES

Al: "I see where you are putting up a new building."

William: "Sure, we only put up new buildings."

Henry: "If you've spotted the man that has stolen your car why don't you get it back?"

Simmie: "I'm waiting for him to put on a new set of tires."

Gus: "The horn on your car must be broken."

Mr. W.: "No, it's just indifferent."

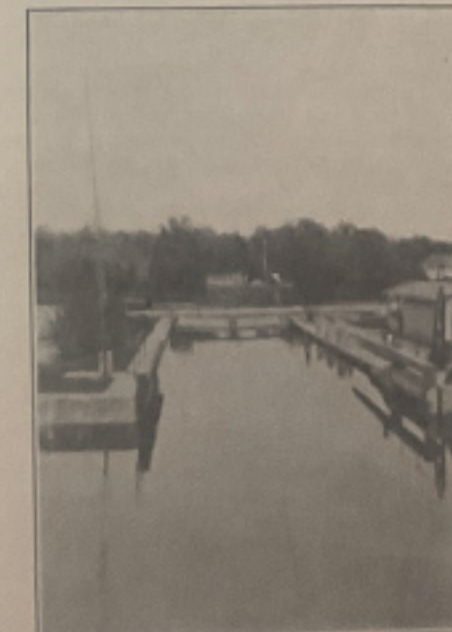
Gus: "Indifferent, what do you mean?"

Mr. W.: "It just doesn't give a hoot."

He was very fat, and stood behind an irritable old woman while waiting in line to see a movie.

"Stop yet pushin', can't yer?" said the woman suddenly.

"Excuse me, madam," he apologized; "I did not push. I only sighed."



Locks at the Songo River

GOLD STAR SAFETY CONTEST--1 9 3 1

1931	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Biddeford	5.4	2.3	2.9	5.0	2.5	0.5						
Lewiston	1.7	0.0	3.4	0.0	0.0	0.0						
Fall River	2.7	0.0	2.6	2.5	5.1	0.0						

APRIL

Lewiston wins! Another goose egg for the Bleachery. Fall River comes right along in second place. Biddeford is trailing badly this year—so far. But here's a little secret. The biggest mill isn't planning to let these little ones run too far away. Biddeford plans to show that she can attend to Safety in a big way.

From Fall River comes this news: Mr. Dunlap, Superintendent, is on the war-path for sure, now, and Fall River is determined to show Lewiston and Biddeford some speed in the coming months. Every possible safety effort is being expended and we expect to hang up a row of hen's eggs on that accident score board.

OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

Eight lost time accidents occurred in Biddeford.

One man dropped a beam on his foot and has been out of work for the entire month. There were two things wrong. The truck being used for hauling these beams was not properly designed for the work and the man did not use sufficient care.

A man strained his shoulder while hitting with a heavy hammer and lost twelve days. The man's own physical condition seems the chief cause here. Perhaps he shouldn't have been allowed to do such heavy work. Another possibility is that he had neuritis, or pleurisy or some such ailment, but in that case, of course, he would not report it as an accident and help spoil the mill's record.

Another man claims a hernia from picking loose waste up from the floor. The employees of many plants are required to have physical examinations in order to see that such accidents are not likely to happen. Men who have a weakness for hernia are not put on heavy jobs.

A spinner slipped and fell into the flyers on her frame. She evidently had been working on the back and, being anxious to save time, rushed for the shipper while coming around the end of the frame rather than waiting until she had come into the alley. She missed the shipper and fell on the flyers, losing five days trying to save a few seconds.

Another spinner slipped on some starch on the floor and lost more than nine days. This starch had leaked down through the floor of the Slasher room above. Means will be taken to prevent overflows from the slashers which will correct this fault.

A weaver in making a slight repair on his loom caught his sleeve on the shipper and jammed his hand in the mechanism. The remedy for such cases is simply greater care.

A piper, in removing an old pipe, fell when the pipe broke loose unexpectedly. He lost two days. All we can say here is that repair and maintenance men should always be expecting the unexpected. They should be like the dorky preacher who started off on a sermon: "Brothers and sisters, I've gwine to preach a powerful sermon dis mawning. I've gwine to de-

fine de undefinable, I've gwine to explain the inexplicable, and I've gwine to unscrew the unscrewable!"

A weaver going for a drink fell on the floor with a glass in her hand and received a bad cut. Apparently the floor was in good condition, but perhaps she wasn't paying quite enough attention to what she was doing.

At Lewiston there were no lost time accidents.

Fall River's chances for a clean slate in April were blasted by Frank Teixvira, who lost one week's time as a result of sticking a doupe wire in his finger. Frank is a loom fixer.

MAY

Lewiston is certainly clicking off the goose eggs.

Biddeford comes along in second place and Fall River takes a bad slump.

So far, Lewiston is leading by a substantial margin in the year's race and hopes to hang up a record that will be hard to beat.

OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

The following accidents occurred at Biddeford:

Jeannette Trempe, who works in 14-2, cut her hand while doffing and lost four days.

Pierre Langevin of 13-2 cut his hand while working on a loom. The cut became infected and Pierre has lost considerable time.

Eva Credit had both her legs injured when a beam rolled off a truck that was being pushed by Conrad Baillargeon.

Francis Murphy nearly lost his life on the elevator in the blanket mill. He opened the gates and walked in on the hatch covers to see if the elevator was coming down. It was, and if the hatch cover had not been strong enough to support the elevator, he would have been crushed to death. F. W. Goodwin assisted in saving his life by holding the hatch cover back, to keep him from being strangled, until he could be released. Francis is now waiting for broken ribs to heal.

Two accidents occurred at Fall River which caused loss of time.

JUNE

Again Lewiston comes through. Out of six months—four zeros with three zero months in a row. This is a mighty fine record.

Fall River comes through with a zero to land in second place because of fewer employees.

Biddeford in spite of her fine showing this month must bow to the others and be content with third place.

The competition seems to be getting keen. Keep up the good work!

OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

One accident occurred at Biddeford. Wilfred Palardis, who works in 11-3, came around the corner into the runway at 12-3 and was hit by the lunch cart. He is now

suffering from broken bones in his foot. An iron rail has been placed in front of this corner so that a person will be able to see up the runway before he steps out into the passage. I think that everyone will admit that this rail is a mighty fine safety device.

A Driver Isn't a Passenger

Many of us can remember the days when going more than 15 miles an hour was speeding—even on country roads. Going at that dizzy speed through a village meant being pinched by the constable and assessed a fine by the local squire.

But now anyone who loiters on a paved highway at less than 35 miles an hour is likely to receive unkind words from fellow travelers. Speeds of 45 miles an hour or



more are usual on the main roads and the sightseeing motorist is likely to block traffic.

That means that driving has become a serious business. When 15 miles an hour was fast driving and half the population wasn't out on the roads there was opportunity to observe the scenery. At 45 miles the only landscape the driver can watch is the strip of concrete ahead of him. Anything is liable to happen if his attention keeps wandering to the distant hills or to the billboards where a gorgeous female advertises corsets or coffin nails.

The only drivers who can enjoy the scenery are the back-seat variety. Those who hold the steering wheel can't be passengers.

SUMMER DIET.

By C. O. Sappington, M. D., Dr. P. H. Director, Division of Industrial Health, National Safety Council

There is only one other subject about which there is more prejudice and misinformation than the subject of diet, and that is religion. Food fads arise because of the lack of scientific knowledge. Only a few simple principles will be outlined in this short article. Summer diet should be just as different as summer clothes are different from winter clothes, and for the same reasons: comfort and efficiency.

PEPPERELL SHEET

LEWISTON DIVISION

The Lewiston Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Fall River Divisions.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
HARRY J. VAUGHN
ASSISTANT
HAROLD E. LONERGAN
CARTOONISTS
CARL PROCTOR

OBITUARY

Employees of the Bleachery were greatly shocked at the sudden death of Michael Mulkearns which took place on Tuesday, May 19. Although Mr. Mulkearns had not been feeling well for several days, he had been about his work as usual and was in the midst of his duties when stricken with a heart attack.

Mr. Mulkearns' work took him to every section of the Plant so that he was known to practically every employee. His never-failing good nature won for him a host of friends throughout the city. To these his sudden passing came as a severe blow.



BERTHA LALLEMAND

Bertha is employed in the White Folding Room, but when this picture was taken she held the spinning championship of Nashua.

the re-creating of mind and body.

To accomplish this result, you should choose a type of life which is utterly different from that which you pursue in the workaday world. On the other hand, you should religiously avoid physical and mental "sprees."

Outdoor exercise adapted to age, sex, and previous habits is an essential; proper periods of relaxation are equally important; the use of books and literature in which you are much interested will help to accomplish your purpose.

Make your own selection of the pursuits, both mental and physical, in which you wish to engage. But when you make this selection, remember to be moderate and keep in mind that the chief values of a vacation are those which permit you to return to your work with body and mind rested, and with a zest for work.

In general, one will be more comfortable and efficient, if he avoids the heat-producing foods, such as fats, oils, and starchy foods.

Not only should attention be paid to the quality of food, but less food is needed during the summer season than in winter. Fresh vegetable and fresh fruit salads occupy a great portion of the menu of persons who have been successful in adjusting their diets to summer weather.

It is a good idea to drink at least six glasses of water daily during the whole year; furthermore it is wise to increase the amount of water which is taken in during the summer season, because the body really needs it.

Ice cream and ices are a valuable portion of the summer dietary, but they should be eaten at meals; milk is an excellent drink.

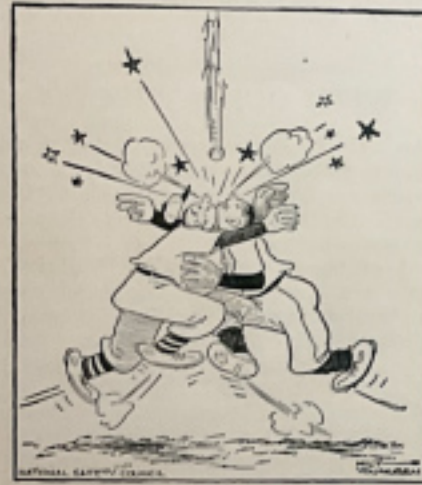
A little attention to those simple suggestions may make a great difference in your summer comfort and efficiency.

TEAMWORK PREVENTS ACCIDENTS

"I have it!" calls the shortstop.

"I have it!" yells the second baseman.

And they both make a dive to catch the fly that will retire the side. An irresistible force meets an immovable object and the ball rolls out to center field. The run-



ner pulls up at second before the fielders quit counting the stars.

Another kind of ivory is sometimes seen on the baseball diamond. Two fielders stand looking up at the sky, each waiting for the other to make the catch. The best pitcher can't win with that kind of support. There is a reason for having seven men on the team in addition to the pitcher and catcher. They aren't there just for background.

You've seen a fast double play pull the pitcher out of a hole. That's as good an example of teamwork as you'll find anywhere.

The safety man needs that kind of support. Accidents are like errors and bonehead plays—bush league stuff.

VACATION HEALTH

By C. O. Sappington, M. D., Dr. P. H. Director, Division of Industrial Health, National Safety Council.

How many of you who read this have had the unpleasant experience of returning from a vacation feeling mentally and physically fatigued?

If you have done this, quite likely it is because you did not apportion your physical and mental energy to the best advantage.

Recreation, as the word indicates, means



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Note the happy expression on the faces of the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Michaud.

Although Mr. Mulkearns was close to the three-score and ten mark in age, he was exceptionally agile and one of his hobbies was long hikes. Earlier in life he was well known throughout this section as a broad-jumper holding the state record for several years.

Funeral services were held from St. Patrick's church, Friday, May 22. A requiem high mass was sung by Rev. Father Daly, who read the commitment exercises at Mount Hope cemetery. Bearers were from the Knights of Columbus of which organization the deceased was a member.

Besides a sister, Miss Julia Mulkearns, Mr. Mulkearns left several nieces and nephews, among them Richard and Thomas Joyce, both employees of the Bleachery.

WEDDING BELLS

On Monday, May 18, at St. Peter's church was solemnized the marriage of Miss Lauretta Roux and Joseph Michaud, both employees in our Plant. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Father Ferir, the double ring service being used. The bride was given by her father, Alcidas Roux, and the bridegroom by his father, Joseph G. Michaud.

Miss Noella Morin, employed in the White Folding Room, and Laureat Michaud, brother of the groom, were bridesmaid and best man, while the attendants were Blanche Morin, of the Sample room, and Armand Morin. All of the above young ladies are members of the Children of Mary sodality, of which the bride was also a member.

At the conclusion of the church services a breakfast was served at the bride's home, for several relatives and friends, after which the young couple departed for Three Rivers, Victoriaville, Montreal, Quebec and other points in Canada. They are now at home at 162 Horton street.

Prior to the wedding the bride and groom had been guests at several pre-nuptial parties when they were the recipients of many useful gifts. At one of these affairs Mr. Michaud was presented with a purse of gold and several useful as well as ornamental household utensils, by fellow-employees at the Bleachery.



HERE'S THE BABE
Babe Lizotte, the Office's most eligible young bachelor.

**MANAGER GRIFFIN ACCEPTS
DEFI OF BIDDEFORD
BASEBALL TEAM
Ready To Play Biddeford, Fall River,
Lindale, Opelika, or Any Industrial
Team in Country.**

Elmer Griffin, who guides the destinies of the Bleachery baseball performers, noted with a great deal of interest, the challenge which was hurled by Manager Grover Keene in behalf of the Biddeford team. He announces that nothing would give him more pleasure than to be able to arrange a series of games with the "Biddies" as he feels that his outfit would have no trouble in defeating the latter aggregation.

Sport followers here at Lewiston would welcome such a series and there has been much discussion as to the relative merits of the two teams. These teams were scheduled for games last season, one at Biddeford and one at Lewiston, but were rained out on each occasion. This fact only adds more interest to the pending series.

Now is the time for Managers Keene and



GILBERTE MARTIN
Whose vocal offerings have pleased many local audiences.

PEPPERELL SHEET

Griffin to get together and the writer predicts that if the hustling impessaos are successful in tying up the teams for a series of games that those which are to be played in Lewiston will bring out a banner attendance. Also that the diamond warriors sporting the Lewiston colors will emerge the victors.

As to games with Fall River, Opelika and Lindale, Manager Griffin states that while a series with Fall River might be a possibility, the other two plants are out unless games can be played by teegapl. However, he feels confident that his team is capable of taking over any of the teams representing the various Pepperell plants and is willing to prove it by first defeating Biddeford and then Fall River. Opelika and Lindale will then have to take his word that he has the better team.

BASEBALL

**Lewiston Bleachery Ball Tossers Shape
Up Like Championship Club.**

Bleachery, 7—Leighton Heel Co., 0.
The Industrial League season was officially ushered in on May 28 when the Bleachery team shellacked the Leighton Heel Co. in a five-inning game by a score of 7 to 0. The Heelers were able to collect but two hits off Clements who also struck out two men. Frank Nugent and Mike Goff with doubles, and Henry Breen and Freddie Leighton with triples, led the batting attack. The score:

BLEACHERY	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Cronin, ss	2	0	0	1	1	1
Royer, 2b	2	3	0	1	1	1
Breen, 3b	2	1	1	0	1	1
Leighton, ss	3	2	2	0	0	0
Hennessey, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Turcotte, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Goff, 1 b	3	0	1	3	0	0
Finn, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Frechette, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Karkos, c	2	0	0	10	1	0
Clements p	2	0	1	0	1	0
Nugent, lf	1	1	1	0	0	0

Totals	24	7	6	15	5	3
LEIGHTON	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Kerr, 2b	2	0	0	0	1	0
Lowe, ss	3	0	0	1	0	1
Cotton, 1b	2	0	0	7	0	0
Turgeon, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Patterson, 3b	2	0	0	0	2	0
Whirley, p	2	0	0	1	0	0
Larrabee, c	2	0	1	5	4	3
Couillard, 2b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Couillard, 2b	1	0	0	0	1	1
Magno, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bickford, lf	1	0	1	0	0	0
Leclain, cf	1	0	0	1	0	0

Totals	20	0	2	15	8	5
Bleachery	3	0	2	0	2	—7

Two-base hits, Nugent, Goff; three-base hits, Breen, Leighton; struck out by Clements 10, Whirley 3; wild pitch, Whirley. Umpire, Mathews (Boston College).

Bleachery, 8; Lisbon Falls 1.

The Bleachery ball tossers journeyed to Lisbon Falls on Saturday, June 6, and walloped the St. Cyril club of that town by a score of 8 to 1. Lefty Turcotte hurled no hit ball until the seventh inning, when the St. Cyrils' only threat was frustrated by a fast double play, Leighton, to Royce, to Goff.

Lisbon Falls' lone run was scored in the opening inning on errors and a wild throw to the plate.

Batteries were: For Bleachery, Turcotte and Thibodeau. Gee; for St. Cyril, Bichrest, Yescho and Stover.



JAMES B. LONGLEY, JR.
James is the nephew of Charlie Wade of the Frame Room and the son of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Longley.

WITH OUR ATHLETES

Mike Goff, Bleachery's hard working first sacker, blossomed out as an umpire this spring. He has umpired all of the local High School's games and has given entire satisfaction.

Most of us do not realize that in Paul Lavigne we have one of the most capable boxing instructors in the East. The writer, in talking with several of the leading lights of the fistic game, learned that Paul really knows his stuff and how to impart it to his pupils. Paul Junior, whose ring battles during the past winter have delighted local fans, received his earlier instructions from our own Paul, whose name he also adopted for ring purposes.

Billy Gee is one of our most versatile



CECELIA PHYLLIS NEZOL
Sister of Kathryn Nezol of the White Folding Room.

athletes. He was a member of the Bleachery basket-ball, volley-ball and bowling teams and now is making a bid for the back-stopping berth on the baseball team.

Stanley Clements has signed to pitch for the Auburn Pine Tree League Club. Stan has a barrel of stuff and with any kind of a team behind him should make good with the leaguers.

Steve Karkos, hustling catcher, who has been Clements' battery mate for the Bleachery team, will be behind the bat for Lisbon Falls in the above mentioned league. Steve's home is in Lisbon Falls, so he will have the home folks rooting for him.

Henry Breen refuses to shave before a ball game. He claims more whiskers, more hits. So we shall probably see a lot of bearded youths around here this summer.

They say that Tommy McInerney is having a tough time trying to decide whether he will act as mascot for the Bleachery team or for the Holy Name outfit. Much pressure is being used on him to cast his lot with us, but in spite of a lot of oratory and flowery promises, Tommy is still undecided.

Peter Sullivan still holds the Tiddley-Winks championship of Rosedale Street in spite of several efforts by Teddy Bonneau, Harold Loneragan and others to wrest it from him.

Tim Driscoll feels that after acting as coach for the Bleachery baseball team for one season he should be able to qualify for a big league berth. Well, we have seen several leaguers who have displayed less knowledge of the game than Tim and still held their jobs.

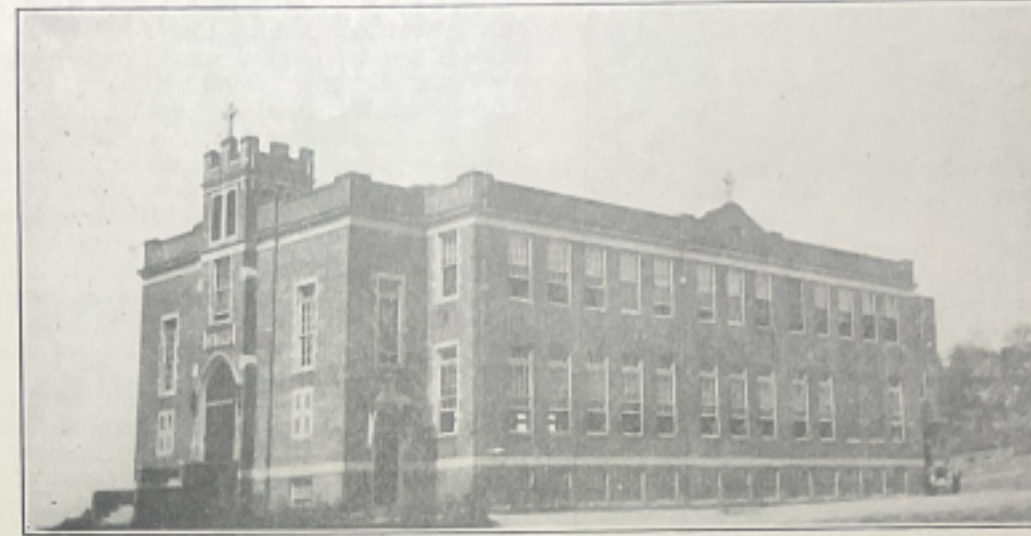
A lot of us had more than a passing interest in the Irish Sweepstakes but we are still depending on our weekly stipend to provide the necessities of life.

Bill Davis gets a lot of fun out of the



ONE FROM THE WHITE FOLDING ROOM

Kathryn Nezel, who is popular among all our employees.



HOLY CROSS CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Many of our employees are parishioners of this church, which is situated on the Lisbon Road. The Reverend Father Edouard-Nadeau is the pastor.

K. of C. gymnasium. Between the sand bag, the rowing machine and the bicycle he has about reached the pink of condition. After seeing some of the wrestling bouts last winter he feels able to step on the mat at a minute's notice for a tussle with Sonnenberg, Bibber McCoy or Kid Brown.

A movement is on foot to change the nickname of Emile Dutil from "Flash" to "Crash." The former High School athlete has put on so much weight since he joined the Benedicts that he is quite apt to crash anything he sits on. Better get out for a few miles on the road, Emile.

Howard Call has been appointed cheer leader for the Bleachery baseball team. Howard filled this position last season to the satisfaction of all and he was the unanimous choice of the directors for re-appointment this year.

While on the subject of cheers, we might bring to the attention of our employees that we have one of the snappiest little ball teams in these parts and it would be worth their efforts to get out to some of the games. These games are free and those who attend are sure of witnessing some good baseball as well as showing the supporters of the opposing teams that we too have supporters.

Johnny McKenna has been playing great ball for his Rangers team. Johnny is one of those natural ball players you read about but seldom see and it is a treat to watch him cavort around the diamond.

HERE'S A THOUGHT

The following article clipped from the editorial columns of the Lewiston Evening Journal is very timely and should interest our readers who love the great outdoors:

We hope for further expressions, concerning the Lewiston Evening Journal's recent editorial on municipal golf-courses and suitable athletic grounds in both Lewiston and Auburn.

We feel that Lewiston is able financially to construct a public golf-course and to fence the athletic field in a beautiful manner and reconstruct the grand-stand in its proper place and in a modern and suitable type of grand-stand instead of in its present ancient and discarded form.

We were gratified at the immediate and enthusiastic reactions from our previous recommendations. Such expenditures are not waste. They are an essential part of education, to begin with. The education on the athletic field is concurrent with

that of the schoolroom and the school is dead without its athletics.

Also—golf is a well-established out-door game. A municipality without it is hardly to be classed among those where people wish to live. It has been settled that cities owe it to their men, women, boys and girls, to provide such accessories to happy-living. It costs a good deal to keep up membership in exclusive golf clubs, country clubs, etc. Many families that send children to school find it too expensive. Golf is a fine outlet for youth and age. Municipal golf courses are covered with players constantly in season and some of the best golfers in the world have been raised on such courses.

If the people react to this suggestion, they can get such pleasurable public pleasures. The money that they cost will be diverted from objects that have perhaps already taken more than their share. These great blessings to the residents of Lewiston, for instance, would not cost a dollar a person.

If you want this—say so. Personally, we think that the improvements would do more for our cities than anything else in sight.

COLORED FOLDING ROOM

Johnny Jalbert has returned from a visit to Passamoquoddy Bay where the wind comes up like thunder and the flying fishes play.

Johnny McKenna has established his summer headquarters at the Ricker Filling Station, Lisbon Road. Here he may be found any evening lending valuable assistance to appreciative motorists.

Louis Samson attended the opening Pine Tree league baseball game at Auburn. Louis is a fixture at all baseball openings.

Pete Michaud is planning to spend his vacation at Gregory Inn, near Rumford. He says it is an ideal place for rest and recreation.

Harry Walker enjoyed a week-end fishing trip at Lake Sabattis recently. He returned with a good catch.

The Sewing Circle motored to the Wayne Flower Gardens one evening recently. The evening was spent in dancing, with lunch at intermission. Lunch consisted of Swiss cheese sandwiches, fried lettuce, Paprika pudding and iced Postum. Those in the party were: Esther Crowley, Grace Cote, Mary Bonneau, Agnes Burke and Beatrice McKenna.



BILLY WADE
Billy is the son of Bill Wade of the Packing Room. This picture of Billy was taken just after the young man had received his first Holy Communion.

WHITE FOLDING ROOM

It looks like a sure thing between Patsy and Louise. The young couple seem to be really serious.

Edwina Martin attended the Pierre Perault benefit concert which was held in Musicale Literaire Hall. Sister Gilbert was one of the artists on the program and sang beautifully as usual.

Louis Gastonguay has gone in for bicycle riding and can be seen every fair evening pedalling around the Figure Eight line.

Jennie Martin spent Memorial Day at the Danish Village outside of Portland. She said the scenery reminded her of dear old Canada.

Arthur Legeux motored to Lisbon Villa recently. Arthur is a bear for long trips.

Noella Martin did a splendid job as a bridesmaid at the Michaud-Roux wedding.



ALICE CLOUTIER
Mrs. Cloutier is an employee of the Sheet Factory.

PEPPERELL SHEET

She will no doubt receive many more offers to act in a like capacity.

Tom Meehan has been very busy with plans for a big dance which the Fraternal Order of Eagles is holding at Oakdale on July 22. This will be one of the biggest events of the outdoor season and Tom expects a record breaking attendance.

Ardelle Ward visited at Lisbon on Memorial Day. Lisbon is her old home town and holds many happy memories for her.

Bill Carroll visited the City Park recently and was very much impressed with the many improvements which had been made since his last visit.

Dido Leclair has taken up his residence in his new home, which is located on South avenue. It commands a wonderful view of the two cities and Dido is very proud of it.

Cecile Belinsky enjoyed a dip at Taylor Pond recently. She said the water was great, although a bit wet.

OFFICE ITEMS

Grace Hall's garden is now in full bloom and is a beautiful sight. She has several new specimens of gardenia, Jack-in-the-pulpits and hyacinths, which present a gorgeous display.

Friends of Kay Jackson are glad to know that she is making a good recovery from her appendicitis operation.

Margaret Costello is very capably filling the switchboard position for Mrs. Lyons, who is absent on sick leave.

Charlie Rowe wonders if the legislature couldn't do something about the rainy weather. Why not consult the ground hog, Charlie?

Jerry Langelier and his music are playing weekly (not weakly) for dances at the Gray Road Zoo. Needless to say that the boys are going big.

PAPERING ROOM PATTERN

Donald says it's all right to say, "Love your neighbor as yourself," but he has known cases where the husband has objected.

Donald and Ida are rehearsing the love scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," but personally we don't see why Donald has to have a new Juliet for each rehearsal.

Angie Lee says will somebody please buy a perambulator for those kittens and take them out for an airing at noon-hour as she can't sleep for the fuss the girls make over the little darlings (?).

Will the Editor please change the heading, "From Hitler and Von?" Louis Lemieux doesn't like the sound of it.

Joe Gastonguay has joined the gang in the Papering Room, but we gather from some of his remarks that he has been in places he liked better.

Tom Crossley speaks French like a Native Son—Can't the girl speak English, Tom?

Dominic Beaudry has left us, to join the forces in Johnny Simard's room. Well, we miss you, "Minic."

Elizabeth Trask says if they ever have an open season on human beings of the male species, there are two or three she'd like to shoot, and Donald is one of them.

Florence—Why don't you go to bed early?

Donald—I do, I was at home last night at eight.

Florence—At whose home?

Lydia is truly an angel of mercy. She does up broken fingers and is trying to mend a certain young man's broken heart. She says it is a hopeless task as it has been



GLADYS BREEN

Miss Breen was graduated on June 3 from the Forest Hills Hospital in Forest Hills, Mass. She is a sister of Henry Breen of the Sheet Factory Office and a granddaughter of Mrs. Elizabeth McDermott, of the Remnant Room.

broken too often. How about it, Donald?

What would you say was the matter with a young lady riding in a rumble seat at 11.30 p. m., who didn't even know it was cold, while the rest of us were wearing fur coats all day?

Elina says it's much better to speak your mind and get it over with as most bad fires are caused by Spontaneous Combustion.

Emma Patry, why don't you write us a letter? We hear good reports of you, but we'd like to hear from you.

Dora McGraw, Imelda Dagneault and Tessie Allen visited Emma Patry at the Sanatorium recently and found her making a good fight to regain her health.



MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH MICHAUD
An account of whose wedding will be found in this issue.

PEPPERELL SHEET

BUSINESS MOTTO

J. W. contributes: "He can who thinks he can; he is canned who thinks he can't."

AN INSTALMENT LIFE

"Do you know anything about Mrs. Blank's married life?"
"Only that her present husband is her fourth installment."

VERSATILE JIMMY

A Transcript reader in Montreal sends us a limerick on Whistler written by a contemporary. The verse hits off a few of the great artist's characteristics:
There is a young artist named Whistler
Who in every respect is a bristler;
A tube of white lead
Or a punch in the head
Comes equally handy to Whistler.

FACE HER TOWARDS RENO

"My wife's forever on the go,"
Complained Adolphus Slack,
"So's mine," said Buck,
"But hang the luck
She's always coming back."

SPEAKING UP TO MA

Lady—"Young man, am I correctly informed that you intend to sue for the hand of my daughter?"
Lad—"I guess I'll have to—it has my ring on it."—Nebraska Awgwan.

MEMOIRS OF A PARSON

During my ministerial meanderings I have met a number of curious types. For instance:
Those hard-headed gentlemen who call upon me to display my "backbone" by giving them my active support in their pet quarrels.

The loud and insistent propagandist who thinks I am not sincere, because I do not shout our common beliefs from every street corner.

The man who never attends a sermon because he has a suspicion that my sermons are not up to the mark.

The person who sees me only during meals, and who therefore assumes that I have nothing to do but eat.

The fastidious critic who objects to the shape of my shoes or the length of my coat.

Those who believe that they have the right to give me orders, on the grounds that they pay me a small fraction of my salary.

Those who think my sermons good—and wonder "where I got them."

AN EX-PASTOR.

DEPENDABLE SUSPENDERS

News comes that an American mountaineer, while trying to shin up one of the Alps, lost his footing and started tumbling down the mountain.

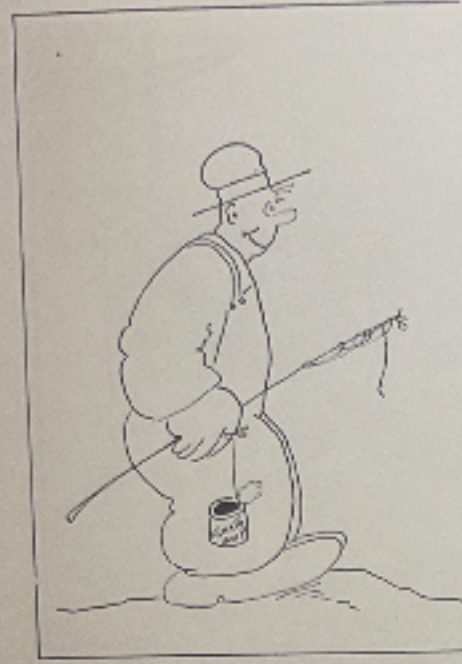
As he gained momentum, he looked like a very poor risk indeed. A sheer drop of about 1500 feet seemed inevitable, and the awe-stricken members of his party had a firm conviction that his outlook for future usefulness was most unpromising.

Suddenly, after bouncing and rolling for about 100 feet, he came to a full stop with a violent jerk.

It happened he was wearing a pair of stout suspenders that caught on the limb of a tree, which overhung a chasm.

There he dangled safely between earth and sky until he was rescued by means of a lowered rope.

It is not stated what particular brand of



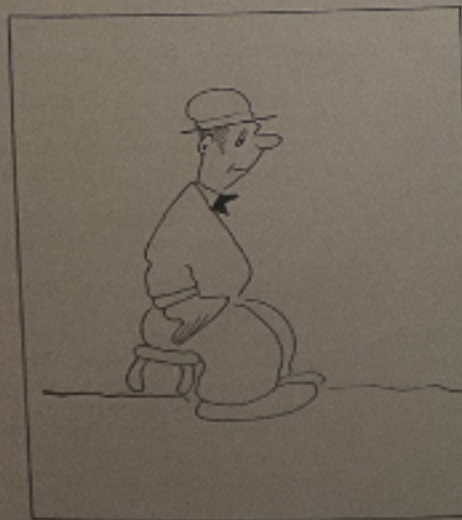
Bill Leger Is One of Our Best Fishermen

AT THE CIRCUS

Cascades of music from the band—
Ladies in gay attire—
Wonders out of every land
And on a swinging wire,
Like a white carnation upside-down,
A girl in billows of tartan gown,
Nimble and swift as a whirling top,
Spins by as if she will never stop!
I forget the giants, the pygmies too,
And the Hindu eating fire,
To watch this girl go wheeling thru
The air, on a silver wire!
With a parasol made from a piece of sky.
She swings and pirouettes, till I
See a top in perfect gyre:
Then a winsome girl with amber tress,
Adds a smile as sweet as a soft caress,
Folds a parasol blue as the bluest sky,
Blows a kiss or two and breathes good-by!
—Mary Florence Richardson in C. S.
Monitor.

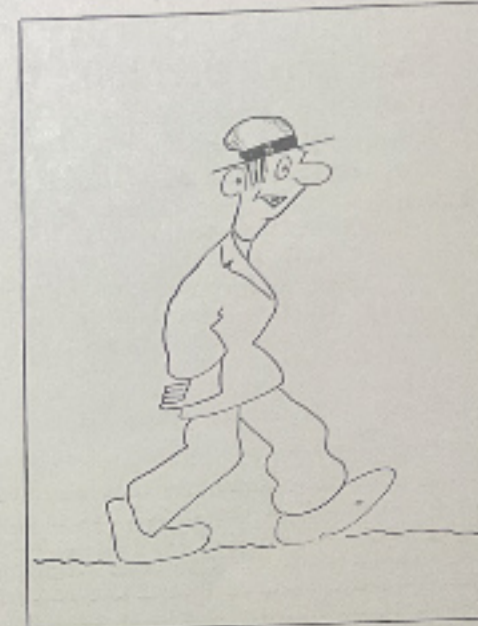
NATURALLY

Golfer—An important thing is to address the ball properly.
Professor—Naturally. How can one expect it to reach the destination if one doesn't?



Wally Finn Has a Choice Seat at All the Baseball Games

Fifteen



Snooks Crowley Has Taken Up Hiking as a Means of Losing Some Excess Weight

suspenders this American tourist was wearing, but it goes without saying that the manufacturers of these dependable braces will use this incident widely in advertising them.

Here are suspenders which not only safeguard a gentleman's reputation, but also act as life-savers.

"No pair of trousers complete without them," would be a good slogan.

INNOCENT CO-ED

Co-ed (visiting the mess hall for the first time)—"Oh, I'm just dying to taste some of that 'truck meat' I've heard so much about."—Rice Owl.

ROYALTY UNEMPLOYED

Kings have been out of a job before our day, if we can believe the following verses from "A Handful of Sovereigns," recently published by the Medici Society:

KING STEPHEN

Rather uneven the life of Stephen,
Regarded, that is, as a whole;
Today, for instance, on the throne,
Tomorrow on the dole.
We anticipate a better fate for Alfonso.



Sam Kingston Was Resplendent in a Spanking New Summer Coat

PEPPERELL SHEET

FALL RIVER DIVISION

The Fall River Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lewiston Divisions.

HENRY RASMUSSEN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
CLARA BORDEN—CLOTH ROOM
HELEN MICHALEWICH—CARDING
MARY CASABULT—SPINNING
SADIE DORSEY—WEAVING
HAROLD MARSDEN—MACHINE SHOP

We are pleased to announce that we have a new department in the Sheet. It is the Spooling Department, and it will be very capably taken care of by Miss Agatha Dinone. We are assured that if the rest of her work is as fine as this first contribution, our part of the Sheet will be greatly improved. It is always with a great deal of pleasure that we receive contributions to this magazine and we are assured now that we will never have to lack for news.

And don't forget to keep sending in your pictures. Everyone wants to know how you look, and it is a very easy manner of collecting pictures of friends by cutting them out of the Sheet. We have some pictures on hand, and if your picture is not placed into print immediately do not be discouraged. They will be put in as soon as we can get them in order. But don't forget to send them in. The Sheet appreciates co-operation.

Did you ever start to think of the firm for which you are working, and did you realize how important it is in the cotton manufacturing world? The Pepperell Mills have established an enviable record in the business circles because of its honesty and progressiveness. Its organization has been developed under the excellent management of Mr. Russell Leonard. Complete success was inevitable.

The standards that this organization established for itself have been capably followed out by the entire firm. It is this whole-hearted enthusiasm toward one ideal that makes everything a strong unit.

Everyone working for the Company is one strand of the strong chain. It is up to everyone to realize that they owe their very best to the organization that keeps them in work.

And do you follow with interest the fine advertising that the Company puts out? It is of the very best order, and is a treat to see. This is only one of the fine features which make up the Pepperell Organization.

Let's be proud that we belong to them.

SPINNING DEPARTMENT

It is with extreme regret that we learned of the death of Mary Jane Rivard. We all unite in giving our sincere sympathy to Mr. Joseph Rivard, the husband of Mary Jane.

We also wish to thank everyone in the department, especially Mr. H. Herbert and Gus, for getting together the contribution that was so fittingly used in purchasing flowers of sympathy.

Helen certainly looked stunning in her new Easter bonnet and dress. You know Helen is our bookkeeper, and we'll say she's a sweet little girl.

We would all like to know if you folks up in Biddeford and Lewiston have an "IT" girl as we have down here. Our "IT"

girl is named Tommy and she sure is just what her name implies.

We wish to congratulate the bowlers from Biddeford that came down to bowl our boys. The evening was certainly interesting, and we wish to congratulate you on making it so.

Marilda Garant and her son Phil passed a week end in New York, at her daughter's Mrs. Jack Floyd. They had a remarkable time and enjoyed seeing the famous film star, Maurice Chevalier. He had been singing over the Paramount Broadcasting Station.

Believe it or not—

"Tommy" was going over to the Y. M. C. A. in New Bedford to give a diving exhibition. Being a little late she started to speed. But she didn't get started, for she was soon slowed down by a traffic cop, who happened to ask her where the fire was. All that Tommy did was to look pretty and smile.

"Oh, be a good sport," she said.

The result was that she got to New Bedford on time. There must be something to the fact that she is called the "IT" girl.

We also wish to thank Mr. Lucien Desrosiers and the bowlers for the flowers they sent to our department worker, Mrs. Mary Jane Rivard.

May Casault and her husband, Oscar, went fishing the other night at Seakonnet Point. Everything went along swimmingly until there was a violent pulling on the line. Oscar started pulling, thinking all the time he had a whale, but instead it was a nine-pound eel. Then what a battle there was to land it! Oscar lost his hat in the fight, but it was worth it, and how!

Oscar, the elevator boy, can certainly give a nice smile. We hope that he keeps it up.

Bullie B. is getting to be quite a shiek. Even the married women have to look at him twice.



Here is a very good scene of the cloth room and all the employees. Also—do not overlook the Pepperell cloth at the right of the picture.

WEAVE ROOM

Girls—Whenever you need shoes go see Gaston. He has all sizes and styles in alley No. 8.

Fred mustn't like his home dark. That's why he's getting so many lamps. Keep it up, Fred, you're doing fine.

Dimples is getting high-toned now. Why, he even carries gold in his mouth. That's not saying how.

Manuel, the girls think that you're shy. Do your stuff and give them another thought.

Our baby Pepperell is wearing overalls now. She certainly makes a nice little baby.

Adrien is one step ahead of everyone. Instead of cleaning the looms he simonizes them.

Sullivan certainly celebrates St. Patrick's Day. He wears his green shirt for the week.

Frank told the girls that he sees with his ears and hears with his eyes. Some magic, eh what?

Leo is getting a new roadster. Don't forget to stick around, girls.

If any one wants to know the latest songs just go over and see Roland, he knows them all.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Gilda Silvia in the recent loss of her husband.

Kid Cosmos has been seen in Fall River quite frequently lately. Does any one know what the attraction is?

Dimples is also a frequent visitor here, but requests that any one wishing to know the reason, to apply to him personally.

Hortense, the next time you climb the fence look out for the barbed wire.

Cheer up, Dana—girls are not so bad, after all.

Did you know Queenie is seriously thinking of being a regular subscriber to the circulating libraries. Well, she has got

PEPPERELL SHEET



This is our little Mary with her new husband, Alfred Lamarre. They were married the 22nd of June. We wish them luck and happiness.

Vic, did you ever have any Gladys' ice-cream on Oak Grave Avenue? Pauline, it's a long while since the gang went to a wedding. Start something. The State highway to Providence is under repair, but according to our grinder, there's one post they always forget to move. It will do all the amateur gardeners good to see John Bussierre's garden with vegetables and flowers. Credit to you and your wife, John.

Folks, do you know that we have a man in our room practicing to be a doctor? That's our John Bussierre and his first patient will never forget him either.

Our boss comber went on a 24-hour fishing trip to Martha's Vineyard, but as yet he hasn't said anything about the fishes.

Our Phil is looking for a pair of sailor's legs when the cruiser Emma goes on a fishing trip, June 20.

Now, girls, don't rush, our superintendent, Mr. Daniop, is really married.

If you want to know who is the boss painter in our plant, ask for Mr. Whalon. According to the condition of his clothes he must be. Harvey, where art thou?

We have pretty nearly concluded our spring house cleaning. The final curtain is hung, after going through a very much needed wash.

Mrs. Lena Ward and Miss Mary Butler are kept at home through sickness. Our sympathy.

CLOTH ROOM

The first get-together of the spring was held by the girls of the Cloth Room at the Eagle Restaurant, Tuesday, April 28.

The table was decorated with bowls of daffodils and yellow jonquils. Bridge whist and dancing followed a delicious chicken dinner. While waiting for the girls to start cards a few impromptu novelties were introduced. Mrs. Rasmussen's interpretation of a New York street was especially well rendered. Anne Varland's solo, "Whistling in the Dark," was also very well done.

Although the party was entirely feminine the fellows were not forgotten. The choicest bon-bons were saved and given to them the following morning.

The winners at bridge were: Vaila Quigley, first; second prize went to Sadie Neilen; Imelda Sevigne won third prize.

The winners at whist were: Irene Michel, first; Della Quigley, second, and Mary Nugent, third. Elms Travis won the consolation prize and the guest prize went to Rita Anderson.

Much credit is due Elma for her untiring efforts, which made the evening a success.

Bella Fletcher spent the week end in Worcester at the Odd Ladies convention. The menu of the banquet she attended made us all envious.

Gladys Carling is still on the sick list, but is convalescing. She paid us a visit one afternoon with her daughter Marjorie, and Marjorie made a decided hit with the girls. Did you ever notice how motherly Grace was with her?

Anne and Elma spent a day in Boston and reported great bargains on their return. Elma bought some aprons "Where U Bot the Hat"—Raymond's. Mary cried she wanted something from Boston and as Elma never could stand tears she brought her a candy airplane. Grace was also remembered with? ? ?

Mrs. Rasmussen's niece was graduated from the General hospital on May 10th and a party of the girls attended the exercises. The nurses made a pretty picture



Introducing Yvonne Boudria, who has been Bride's Maid fourteen times. At last she has made up her mind to be the bride, so here she is.

as they marched through their guard of honor in their white uniforms and hats, their capes thrown over their shoulders, showing the red lining, and an arm bouquet of American Beauty posies. Doris worked with us at one time and our heartiest wishes go to her now.

Have you seen Elma staggering into the room under the weight of her large bags? Yes, ma'am. These are May baskets made by her own mother. Everyone holds their breath, hoping that some will be for them.

Our first-aid worker has a new diamond on the third finger of her left hand. Good luck, Ethel, from everyone.

Wanted—a chauffeur to drive a Chevrolet. Must be very careful—apply to Mr. Acton.

Wanted—a back scratcher. For further information, see Grace Moffat.

SPORTS

A bit late, but here, nevertheless, is the score of the bowling match between Biddeford and Fall River:

Biddeford				
	1	2	3	Total
C. Keene	109	99	96	304
C. Hooper	96	87	115	298
W. Goodwin	92	117	92	301
P. Jordan	95	108	89	292
G. Keene	81	105	79	265
P. Hodga	98	107	98	303
	571	623	569	1763
Fall River				
Desrosiers	79	110	83	272
Roberts	103	98	85	286
Paquet	94	111	89	294
Ouellette	82	85	96	263
Duquette	109	85	82	276
Giffin	101	85	96	282
	568	574	531	1673

to, do something, as a certain young man likes to read when he parks.

We hear that Frank has decided to buy a baby carriage in place of the much talked about car.

We were sorry to hear that Leo and Roland's song and dance did not take so well. We understand that Mrs. Couture knows why.

We are sorry we cannot mention Blondie any more in the "Sheet." You know she has heart trouble, and we are afraid of ill effects.

Sincere wishes for a long and prosperous life to Mr. and Mrs. Nadeiros.

SPOOL ROOM

The girls from the Spool Room were very scarce at the banquet. You had better hurry and do your stuff, girls.

Some curious person is very anxious to know what kind of a diet Miss Lavoie is on. Perhaps a diet of love?

Rose seems to be getting ready to go to many of her girl friends' weddings. We are all waiting to go to yours, Rose.

Anita was overjoyed at losing two pounds last week. You better not reduce any more.

Don't forget, girls, we also have our own dress-maker upstairs; we're sure Viola can satisfy you.

All the girls from the spool-room are getting their hair cut. Who's the barber, girls? We'll all be pleased to patronize him.

Cheer up, Phil, better days are coming.

CARDING DEPARTMENT

Ship Ahoy:

After passing a winter under a blanket of snow the great mysterious cruiser Emma again makes its appearance. After being painted and overhauled, all that's left to hear is the rumbling of the motor which the gang knows so well, and then the busy season begins. Even Captain Desrosiers has a new uniform.

It was a very well played match, and the Biddeford men deserve a great deal of credit for playing with a type of pin which they do not use up in their home town. The success of the Maine team was dependent upon the all-around ability of their men. They were well balanced and had a great deal of power in all boxes.

The main point of the game was not the victory, however. It was the fine sportsmanship that was exhibited. It is just this that we need to get better acquainted with the Maine divisions of the plant. We sure did appreciate having these men come down and visit us, even though they did take the bacon back with them.

I understand that the two Maine divisions have baseball teams. That is fine, for there is no better sport in the world for a plant to have than a team representing the national pastime. It is indeed unfortunate that we, here, do not have any, but we are a bit too small as yet, and the time is not ripe for us to have a team. But we are hoping that in the very near future the conditions will allow us to have some sort of a representative team that can meet the Maine teams on the diamond.

The one sport that our employees can enjoy is swimming. The way that the hot spells have hit Fall River it seems that this sport is more popular than ever before, nor can any one advance a more delightful way of getting away from the heat than to jump into the cool waters that surround our pleasant city. There is Horseneck, Newport, the Taunton River, the Watuppa Pond, and innumerable places not very far from the city where good swimming can be enjoyed.

For baseball lovers—here is a tip. There is an excellent league in Fall River, and that is down at the North Park. The teams there have exhibited some of the best baseball in years. It will be well worth the while of any one to go down there any night in the week to see these teams play.

Also, here is another tip, but this time it is for swimmers. Don't get sunburned too quickly. It is better not to get burned at all, than to get too well done. It acts much in the same way as when you are trying to cook a favorite dish. If it is overdone you don't like it so well. So it is the same with your body, if it gets too burnt, it will cause a shock to your nervous system, and the result may be dangerous.

NEWSY NED'S COLUMN

It seems to me that I'm very late this month in giving some of the best news that I've ever been allowed to print. But here it is, whether it is late, or whether you like it or not.

The Biddeford Bowlers came down into our own backyard and defeated us, just as they did when we went up to Biddeford. The only thing that can be concluded out of such a strange happening is that they must have a better bowling team than we have. But they must be more than excellent, for we have the best team in the world. Just figure that out.

What pleased me more than anything was the good feeling that was shown by the get-together that was brought about by this invasion of the Biddeford forces. They arrived in town on a Friday and were entertained that evening at a banquet that was held in the Eagle Restaurant. The dinner was fine and so was the company. I noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Kleeb and Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap were there, and that they also went over to the Durfee Bowling alleys to witness the match. I also under-



Introducing Rosalina, right, and Emma, left. Rosalina is now Mrs. Jose Coelho.

stand that Mr. Dunlap is an excellent bowler himself. But all told, everyone was pleased to have them in the company and greet the invaders from Biddeford.

Mr. Dunlap was chairman of the evening, and what a chairman he was. He should make a habit of dinner speeches. He started the hostilities without a quiver, and had us in the midst of a perfect evening before we could hardly realize it. Mr. Leonard Kleeb welcomed the strong-armed men and called attention to the bowling pins which decorated the tables. After he had finished with his eloquent remarks Mr. Dunlap uncovered a program that will be hard to equal.

The star of the evening was the inimitable four-year-old son of Mr. Ernest Whalen. For his first song he sang "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." Later he sang "The King's Horses." He also tap danced. There are not enough words in the dictionary to explain the ability of this young gentleman. Just believe me when I say he was marvelous and more than excellent. The crowning point of the evening—for him—was when Mr. Desrosiers presented him with a toy automobile.

Another fine addition to the program was the excellent tenor singing of young Mr. Moffat. He rendered "Sweet Mysteries of Life" and "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling." We also had the pleasure of watching the Pepperell Guards do a waltz clog. They were nattily attired, and looked as fine as their dancing. I hoped that I would be able to see them dance longer, but alas! Last, but still adding to the enjoyment of the program, were the Pepperell Songbirds, who sang "Song Birds." They also sang a trio with Mr. Moffat.

So far the evening was a wow, fine dinner, excellent program, and plenty of time to get over to the Durfee Alleys. Well, we went out into the rainy evening and swished our way over Main Street and down Central Street to the Alleys. When we got there the management had placed chairs around the center alleys so that all the invited guests could watch the match. I sure want to tell you that the bowling was fine, but the result and account is not for me;

it is for the sport writer to tell you, and he will, for I saw him there, even though he was carefully hidden behind a smoke screen of that brand of cigarettes which tell you to keep kissable.

The only thing that marred the evening beside the mud on Central Street was the defeat given our boys by Biddeford. But such is such and is and, if you don't believe me, ask Webster.

But it sure was swell.

I was surprised the other day when I came into the yard to see a bunch of fishermen hunting for night crawlers in the daytime. I immediately made it my business to telephone to the Fishing Commission and tell them about the breach of etiquette. But they wouldn't listen, so I had to hide my irritation in my back pocket and let them go to it. But I simply overflowed when they started to dig up all the grass, and then started to tear down the poles. If Mr. Kleeb wanted to let this thing happen right under his own eyes I wasn't the one to interfere, but I was thinking about the grass. Imagine growing for three and four years and then being torn up by a bunch of fishermen. Then I thought of the worms—having to leave their old home to please a bunch of eel chasers. I just made it my business to run in to Mr. Kleeb, and what do you think I found out? Well, much to my embarrassment, I found out that these men were arranging things so that we can have a garden. You know, one of those things where there are all sorts of beautiful flowers. And there can't be anything more delightful than the perfect blending of nature's colors, and the fragrance that will greet you as you enter the yard. It'll make you love to come into the yard and sorry to leave at night. I could 'a kicked myself when I found that these men were not fishermen. Then I was told that I had said several months ago in this column that there was going to be a garden in the yard. And so I did, but—I'm so fast that I'm always ahead of myself, and usually forget before the thing happens. But hurrah for the Garden. I just luf dem.

At the third turn of the last moon the Sniffenpoofs had their annual election. The following new braves were initiated: Big Puff Harvey, Oily Polly Hayward, Oi Yoi Westgate, Sitting Standing Marsden, Pung Ging Glang Ferry, Hootch Hotch Griffin and Two Lamp Charlie. The Big Boss did say that at the next moon that many and great new papooses will be born unto the Sniffenpoof, and that they shall be duly initiated. Leonard will come as usual. Henry will not be present, and Lucien will bring the building blocks. Allah be with you!

PROOF OF VALOR

"When we were married I thought you were a brave man."
"So did all my friends."

ETHELRED THE UNREADY

Poed Ethelred he couldn't get a job. He studied the advertisements and couldn't find a thing; People wanted parlormaid and all sorts of trash. They even wanted "Old False Teeth for Cash." But nobody wanted a king.

Max: "I see where spring has come in Chicago."

Tommy: "How's that?"

Max: "It says here in the paper that there was a robbin' there."

THE PEPPERELL MURDER CASE

Below you will read the conclusion of the famous Pepperell Murder Case. The facts of the mystery are easily summed. A man identified as Lucien Desrosiers was found dead in the Mill Yard, his features were shot away by what was termed by Eddington Felix Booth, the expert brought in on the crime, as a sawed-off shot-gun. The famous criminologist took over the case and did a good deal of questioning. For awhile it looked as if Ernest Whalen, Henry Rasmussen, and Romeo Quelette might have something to do with the case, but the detective finally established their innocence. Furthermore the suspicion seems to be all in the air, for nothing can be solved. Even the long claw fingered shadow that sweeps over the Mill Yard is impossible to be diagnosed. It is terrifying the employees in the plant. For a while it seemed as if Eddington Felix Booth was proving nothing. Then came the evening when he said that the GHOST of Lucien Desrosiers would walk. It did show over the roof of No. 1 Mill. The detective shot in the air above the GHOST and ran over, followed by Mr. Munn and the Police Captain. On reaching the top floor of the weave room the detective pulled in what was thought to be a GHOST. It was Lucien Desrosiers, all right, but he was alive.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY

"Ha, ha," laughed the criminologist, rubbing his long bony hands in satisfaction, "now we have you, Mr. Desrosiers. What have you to say for yourself," Eddington Felix Booth shot out the last question as if he sent it from a gun.

"Th-th-th-they g-g-got me," gasped the nervous overseer. The eyes of the detective gleamed in the dull lamplight. "Where—where?" he screamed.

Lucien Desrosiers pointed to the roof. The detective was off with a bound. "Take care of him," he muttered as he ran. Some hours later as the sun was streaming into the Pepperell office, Eddington Felix Booth was finally rested enough to tell Mr. Leonard Kleeb the facts of the case that had been keeping the Pepperell Plant in such an uproar for so many weeks.

The detective sat back contentedly in the swivel chair. Between puffs on his long-stemmed pipe he told the story.

"You know, Mr. Kleeb, it made me think when I first saw the murdered body. It is very rare that a person takes the chance of being caught by getting close enough to blow the full face off any man. Now this body was found when the employees were going home from work. In order for a man to be killed the way this man was, it is necessary to get very close to the victim. In such a crowd it would have been almost impossible for the man to have gotten away. Then there was the report that the flash of the gun came from a spot some yards away from where the body was found. This was all very peculiar. I, therefore, made a very close examination of the body and the Mill Yard. It was on the cement of the yard that I found the remains of a torpedo that makes the very same noise and flash that a gun does. I then decided that it must have been thrown down from somewhere to make it appear that the gun had been fired from that location. But for why? Well, it was all very simple. No man could have had his face shot away from that distance. The murderers wanted to befuddle the Mill workers so that they could make a get-away. And that's exactly what they did. They dropped the torpedo some yards away from the victim; as soon as the re-



Manuel Perry of the Carding Department.

port came they let the victim drop to the cement. There was one man holding this man up. Mr. Kleeb, the murdered man was dead before that torpedo ever landed. In the confusion the man who carried him in made a quick get-away.

It was really unfortunate for the wife and relations of Mr. Desrosiers that they thought him to be dead. They must have suffered a great deal as this man was held prisoner by these racketeers, for that is just what these murderers were. They are a New York gang that was hired to do this whole job. And here is the story from the very beginning. When I examined the wounds on the face of the murdered man I knew I was looking at the work of a New York gang. I have seen their work before, and they are too dumb to change their style. I immediately got in touch with my New York assistants and put them on the trail. They informed me that Nick Cocci and his henchmen, five of them, had been missing for a week. They also found out that Adam Wexler, one of Nick's enemies, had been missing for some time, and that his gang believed him dead, but they had not been able to find the body. I know this fellow Wexler, and recognized it to be the body found in your Mill Yard even though it was dressed in Mr. Desrosiers' clothes. I did not say anything at the time, for I knew that this gang would finally hang themselves if they were allowed enough rope.

They were unable to scare the employees of the mill with the murder, so they started to play up the shadow business."

At this statement Mr. Kleeb interrupted, "But why did they want to scare the employees?" he asked.

"You're too impatient," smiled back the detective. "I'll let you know in due time. Well, to continue, they hit on an idea of having this shadow. They installed mirrors on the top of No. 2 Mill. By simple geometry they were able to figure the right angle to throw a shadow. They did this from a place somewhere in No. 1 Mill. One of their hirelings did it. He got employed in this plant and was able to do it without suspicion. He did it with the aid of a special flashlight. He had a small gruesome looking model which he placed in

front of this light. It reflected off the mirrors over two hundred yards away and was shown as a shadow down over the Mill Yard. There was no doubt that this caused a great deal of fear among your employees, and I believe their work showed the fact. But, to go on—This plan did not have the decided effect. They had to do something and do it quickly. They could spoil all the machinery, but that was the last resort—if they did that the police would get wise and enter the case—the only way was to scare the employees out of the mill. They, then, hit on the idea of having the GHOST of Lucien Desrosiers walk. I discovered this in a very novel manner. I was up on No. 2 Mill and fell accidentally on these camouflaged mirrors. I knew at once the source of the shadow. By strings I plotted out the angles and in a very short time was able to tell exactly from where the shadow was coming. I hurried over there, and found it to be the Weave Room. After the day workers had gone home, I investigated. I found a small scrap of paper near the looms on which there was a code. I finally deciphered it and found out that the gang was going to use the GHOST gag. That was how we came to save Mr. Desrosiers from death. They would have used him for a GHOST until they won. If they were ever caught they would have cut the rope and let him fall to the ground. It was a good thing that I shot at the roof that night I killed the one man that was running the pulley that held their ghost.

It was a simple matter after we landed Desrosiers safely. I had had the yard surrounded by my men, and we captured the gang after a short fight. And now they are all safely within jail."

"But why did they do all this?" asked Mr. Kleeb again. "They were hired," returned the detective, "a well-known cotton manufacturer was afraid of the Pepperell Company, and being unable to break it on the market, he decided to do it by underhanded means. So he hired this gang. They arrived in town and captured Mr. Desrosiers with the hopes of being able to make him a dupe for destroying cloth, and putting the plant on the well-known fritz. But this brave man would not do it. They then decided to use the scare plan. They saw Adam Wexler, whom they had brought as a captive from New York, was the same size as Desrosiers. So they changed clothes, holding the overseer for later plans. They killed Wexler in the car on the way up to the mill. One man brought him in the yard. Then they used the torpedo gag, and let the man fall as Lucien Desrosiers. It was a well worked plan, and might have worked.

So, Mr. Kleeb, your plant is safe, and so are all the people in it. These men would have stopped at nothing to break it and the Company."

Eddington Felix Booth then stood up, and moved toward the door. A smile lined his face, and happiness shone in his tired eyes. He had solved one of the most baffling crimes of his long career.

THE END.

"Miranda, whas sat light shinin' in yo' eyes?"

"That's my stop light, Rastus."

A man complained in court that his wife threw him downstairs. He should move into a bungalow as soon as possible.

Henry: "What beats a nice big Turkish carpet?"

Anne: "A husband, usually."

Which Taxi will have the BUSIER METER?

Yes! . . . America still likes to be served by men in uniform

TIME was when you saw plenty of rough, unshaved, sloppily dressed taxi drivers.

But that was before some bright taxi company discovered that a man would rather trust his carcass to a neatly uniformed driver.

And so tidiness replaces sloppiness. Bright uniforms of Pepperell Vat Dyed Fabrics take the place of an ensemble of this year's shirt, last year's pants and grandfather's cap.

It's not in just one industry, but nation-wide—this movement. America's workers are dressing up. Some say the war started it all: doughboys came back and discovered the clothes they used to wear to work were not nearly so comfortable or useful or good-looking as their khaki.

And to top it off, big business discovered that neat uniforms meant better business.

Right from the start, Pepperell has been actively leading this movement. We have long sponsored the styling-up of work clothes and the use of Vat Dyed Fabrics. Work clothes made of Pepperell Fabrics tailor well, look well, wear well.

And yes, they cost a very little more. But have you ever heard of Americans being unwilling to pay a few cents more for exactly what they want?

We'll gladly send samples of Pepperell Laundry Proof Fabrics—or our salesman will call and discuss any problem with you. Simply phone our nearest branch below.



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New York, or any of the following offices:
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Build for the future with
PEPPERELL
Vat Dyed Fabrics



MAYBE he's a good driver—but you'd never guess it from his appearance.



YOU'RE HIRED!
We'll ride with you! A neat, well-styled uniform makes meters click oftener.